

PRESIDENT PAYS GLOWING TRIBUTE TO MEN OF A.E.F.

Proud to Be Fellow Countryman of "Such Stuff and Valor"

NOW ON SEA FOR FRANCE

Tells Congress Trip Is Necessary
to Make Good What Soldiers
Offered Lives to Obtain

The Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, President Wilson, left New York on Tuesday night for Brest, aboard the George Washington, formerly a German liner. The ship is due to arrive at Brest next Tuesday night, and at last reports Mr. Lloyd George, the British prime minister, was to meet the President in Brest roadstead for a conference. The President's arrival in Paris is scheduled for the morning of Friday, December 13. With the President will be Mrs. Wilson and two of his fellow delegates to the forthcoming peace conference, Secretary of State Lansing and Henry White, former United States Ambassador to France and Italy. The other two peace commissioners, Colonel E. M. House, who was the United States delegate to the armistice conference, and General Tasker H. Bliss, the United States military representative to the Supreme War Council at Versailles, are already in France.

Peace Likely by Spring

In his address to Congress, delivered on Tuesday before he sailed, the President set forth his reasons for coming to Europe at this time, saying among other things that "we may hope, I believe, for the formal conclusion of war by treaty by the time spring has come." Continuing, he said:

"The Allied Governments have accepted the basis of peace which I outlined to Congress on the eighth day of January last, as the Central Empires also have, and very reasonably desired my personal counsel in their interpretation and application, and it is my duty to give it. It is in order that the sincere desire of our Government to contribute without selfish purpose of any kind to settlements possible and so to help to bring about the peace which all nations concerned may be made fully manifest."

"The peace settlements which are now to be agreed upon are of the greatest importance, both to us and to the rest of the world, and there are no other considerations or interests which should take precedence over them. The gallant heroes of our armed forces on land and sea have conscientiously fought for ideals which they know to be the ideals of their country. I have sought to express these ideals; they have accepted them, and no man can doubt that the settlement is put upon them and no possible effort omitted to realize them."

It is now my duty to play my full part in making good what they offered—their lives, their blood—to obtain. I can think of no call to service which could transcend this. I shall make my absence as brief as possible and shall hope to return with the happy assurance that it has been possible to translate into action the great ideals for which America has striven."

Tribute to A.E.F.
The President began his address with a resume of the work of the United States in the last year of war, announcing that a year ago we had sent only 145,918 men overseas, but that since then we had sent 1,350,513. "In all this movement," he added, "only 753 men were lost by enemy attack."

After paying tribute to the Allied nations, preceptors to the United States in the art of war, and reviewing the executive organization of America's effort at home, the President launched the following tribute to the A. E. F. and to the Navy:

No soldiers or sailors ever proved themselves more quickly ready for the test of battle or acquitted themselves with more splendid courage and achievements when put to the test. These men who played some part in directing the great processes by which the war was pressed irresistibly forward to a final triumph may now forget all that and delight our thoughts with the story of what our men have done and are doing."

Their officers understood the grim and exacting task that they had undertaken, and performed it with an audacity, efficiency and courage that have been the glory of our arms."

Continued on Page 2

PROPER DISCIPLINE PASSPORT FOR U.S.A.

Returning Troops Must
Present Soldierly
Appearance

Commanding officers of all districts and bases in the S.O.S. from which troops are to be sent to the United States are instructed, by G.O. 20th, to take measures to insure that the troops, clothing, equipment and discipline—particularly discipline—of troops before their departure, in order that all members of the A.E.F. may make a creditable appearance upon their arrival in the United States.

The order further directs that the camps, cantonments, billets or barracks occupied by outgoing troops will be carefully and thoroughly policed when vacated. It adds that where units do not appear to be properly disciplined, all time possible preceding their embarkation will be devoted to disciplinary training, and it instructs all officers commanding units or detachments that are returning to maintain discipline on board the transports and to insist upon a creditable and soldierly appearance of their men at all times.

In addition, the order enjoins commanding officers of all units to see that the members of their commands do not send or take with them to the United States any loaded gas bombs, grenades, cartridges, fuses and detonators, or any portions of them, which are still dangerous or of any other kind of explosive that would endanger life.

THE SOUVENIR

You may keep old Fritz's helmet
For your Sue or Kate or Ann,
You may hold your German rifle
For your little girl to scan;
No gas mask did I capture,
No rifle and no lance
The only capture that I made
Is the heart of a child of France.
No victor-symbol can I show,
No trinket, shield or cap,
In memory of days I spent
Over there, in Dead Man's Gap;
No battle souvenir have I
Dream-moments to enhance;
The only trophy that is mine
Is the heart of a child of France.
But sweeter than a helmet,
And dearer than a lance,
Is the sacred souvenir I bear
From the vine-clad hills of France;
For like a stellar guide that shines
O'er life's rough seas of chance,
Forever within my heart will glow
The heart of that child of France.
FRA GUIDO, P. A.

ALLIES JOIN YANKS IN GREATEST OF ALL THANKSGIVING DAYS

American Turkey Tastes
Same Here as West of
Plymouth Rock

C-IN-C. SPEAKS AT G.H.Q.

Voices Gratitude to Men in Khaki
Who Loved Liberty Better
Than Life

The "greatest of all Thanksgiving Days," in the words of the Commander-in-Chief, was celebrated last week throughout the A. E. F. all the way from the ports to the threshold of Germany. And the amazed civilian population held a slaughter of turkey and wondered mightily.

At many places the French population, aware that some new fête was on, collaborated in turning over their churches for the morning service, in opening their hearts in a general Thanksgiving, not by the Americans alone, but by all the victorious Allies. The doughboy discovered to his surprise that one can pay his thanks to God in French quite as well as in English.

At Chantonnay the Allied Missions attended, with officers and men stationed at G. H. Q., the ceremony in the courtyard, where General Pershing spoke and where the sprightly young men of the "Battalion of the Republic" and "American" General Pershing's speech follows:

Debt of Gratitude Repaid
Fellow Soldiers: Never in the history of our country have so many people come together with such full hearts as on the greatest of all Thanksgiving Days. The moment throbs with emotion seeking to find its way out."

Representing the high ideals of our countrymen and cherishing the spirit of our forefathers who first celebrated this festival of Thanksgiving, we are proud to have repaid our debt of gratitude to all the brave men of the "Battalion of the Republic" and to have lent our aid to save civilization from destruction. The unscrupulous invader has been driven from the devastated scenes of his unbridled conquest, and the tide of conflict which, during the dark days of mid-summer, threatened to overwhelm the Allied forces, has been reversed. The glorious victory of the battle of battle die away and the beaten foe hurries from the field, it is fitting that the conquering armies should pause to give thanks to God for his aid. He who has guided our course aright.

Victory was our goal. It is the hard-won gift of the soldier to his country. Only the soldier knows the cost of the gift we now receive. Confident of his own power, inspired by every spiritual sentiment, we have each silently prayed that the success of righteousness should be ours. Today, with thankfulness, we have realized our prayer. His strength has given us the victory, and we are thankful that the privilege has been given us to serve in such a cause.

New Outlook on Life
In this hour of thanksgiving our eternal gratitude goes out to those heroes who loved liberty better than life and who sleep in the fields of France. Their sacrifice, whose honorable scars testify stronger than words to their splendid valor; and to the brave fellows whose strong, relentless hands have given us this new vision, and that we are to return to our families and our country with higher aims and a firmer purpose, all ennobling to ourselves and to the world. We have had the long vigil and have watched and prayed for us that we might worthily represent them.

The Mainstay of Peace
This spirit that has won the victory is to become the permanent and indispensable mainstay of peace and happiness. It is not a matter of individual choice, but of obligation. We must have the new power that we have won, and we must have it as a permanent service has been the spontaneous offering of loyalty, it is too precious to be cast aside by indifference—too sacred not to be cherished always."

The nation awaits the return of its soldiers, believing in the stability of character that has come from self-discipline and self-control. Confident of the new power that the stern school of war and discipline has brought to each of us, American mothers await with loving hearts their gallant sons. Great cause, indeed, have we to thank God for the trials successfully met and the victories won. Still more should we thank Him for the golden future, with its wealth of opportunity and hope of permanent and universal peace.

DON'T GIVE ANYTHING AWAY

A.E.F. officers and men are instructed in Bulletin 95, G.H.Q. not to give away or abandon to the civil population any articles of uniform or equipment, serviceable or unserviceable, even those which are private property. All such articles, it is provided, will be turned in for salvage.

FREE EDUCATION WHILE YOU WAIT FOR ORDERS HOME

World's Largest School
Enterprise Will Open
January 1

47,000 TEACHERS IN A.E.F.

They Will Supply the Faculty and
Instruct the Eager Yank in Any-
thing He Burns to Learn

If you want to utilize the long winter evenings that are even now descending upon the A.E.F. in learning something that you have not had time to learn during the busy fighting months of the spring, summer and fall—preferably something that will help you in holding down your old job or in helping you to corral a better one after you get back to the States—the machinery is all set for you to do so.

Now that the armistice has come, there is going to be a chance for every Yank, from Coblenz to Bordeaux, to learn something, by book or by hand, that he can draw on when he gets back into long trousers again. Beginning January 1 every outfit in the A.E.F. will have a school established in its immediate vicinity, and every one of those charming parlorvoors known as billeting officers has been instructed by G.H.Q. to provide the proper accommodations for the school.

If the school in your locality does not teach just the things that you want, the things that fit your particular line, you have the option of taking a correspondence course conducted by men who have made correspondence courses and university extension services famously useful throughout the West.

All Free and Voluntary

Just to show the variety of things you can take up in your spare time, after your five days of drill in the training area of your day's work in the S.O.S., here is the way the list of subjects starts off:

"Agriculture, automobile manufacturing and salesmanship, business courses (stenography, bookkeeping and so forth), chemistry, physics."

The list goes on and on, and it is that you can pick up before starting for home, a brand new lot of education that may mean money in your pocket in future years. With the possible exception of some advanced courses in European universities, it will be all free—no tuition, no fees, no money to get—acquire it if you do not want to. It's up to you.

Although there are 1,500 cases of text books either here already or on the water coming over, it will not all be "book-learning" in the A.E.F. schools. If you want to take a course in chemistry, for example, you will get laboratory work, and that is what counts. If you want to learn new things to do, the soil back on the old farm so that you can work it more profitably, you will get actual work on actual soil. If you want to learn horsemanship, you will practice on real horses and mules.

47,000 Teachers in A.E.F.

By signing up for a course in anything from architecture to just plain learning to spell, no Yank should get the idea that he will have to stay over here to complete it. The minute your unit is ordered back home, you will be ordered back home, whether you are a student or not. If, however, you are in no hurry to get back—perhaps there are a few such—and want to complete the course you have started on you will have the option of staying on here—and even of putting on citizens' clothes—and completing your work.

Though the work is being undertaken

Continued on Page 3

ARMY'S HAM ACTORS WILL GET TRY OUT

Vaudeville and Parlor Play
Artists May Tour
A.E.F. Circuit

Amateur or professional vaudeville artists in the A.E.F. are to have a chance to show their comrades just how well their acts get over, according to a plan which the Y.M.C.A.'s entertainment department has been working out and is soon to put in execution. The vaudeville contests are to be staged in every Y hut in France and beyond, the participants being furnished with an audience of their peers and given a try out before the men of their own posts. Those that get over will then be sent to other huts under the direct supervision of the divisional Y director, and there given a further try out before a new and strange audience.

The survivors of that ordeal will have an opportunity to appear before the audiences in still other huts, under the supervision of the Y regional directors, and the ones that come through the best will, if the transfers or furloughs can be effected be sent to some central point, probably Paris, to be fitted up and sent over the A.E.F. entertainment circuit.

All Sorts of Shows

As a sort of companion piece to its educational activities, the Y is working on its entertainment program in every branch, in order to assure every hut as many shows as can be secured and of as much variety as possible. The aim will be to develop the theatrical and other talent in the ranks of the A.E.F. rather than to import professional entertainers from the States, although a considerable number of the latter are already on the way over.

Special emphasis is to be laid on the formation of small companies at various posts to play simple Y musical plays, the A.E.F. itself furnishing the male members of the casts and the Y furnishing the female, although that does not mean that the art of female impersonation on the part of the hairy Yank will be discouraged.

2,000,000 LETTERS WRITTEN BY ARMY TO ITS FIRST C.O.'S

Postal Figures Show Entire
A.E.F. Got Busy On
Dad's Day

CHRISTMAS DELIVERY SURE

Thousands of Messages Penned
by Soldiers to the Fathers
of Their Fallen Buddies

Far and away the greatest shipment of mail ever sent by an Army overseas to its home country, far and away the greatest consignment of mail from America abroad to the United States, far and away the greatest concentrated letter writing bon in history—such is the history of Father's Letter Day as celebrated by the A.E.F. on November 24, just 13 days after the signing of the armistice.

From the advanced posts of the Army of Occupation way down to the lumbering camps near the Franco-Spanish border, from the aviation centers in the north of Scotland—about the latitude of Labrador—down to the Riviera and well into boot-shaped Italy, the day was marked by a scratching of pens and hands, with the result that the home-going mail from the A.E.F. mounted, crowding in the shipment of December 2, which was even then full of Dad's Christmas Letters, to the total of 8,632,500 pieces and fully 2,000,000 out of that 8,632,500 carried in the upper right hand corner of the envelope this legend: FATHER'S XMAS LETTER.

Entire Army Wrote

The way it works out is this: The homebound mail for the week prior to the one in which the Father's Letters were dispatched comprised 6,381,540 pieces. The homebound mail for the week in which these letters were sent was 8,632,500 pieces, showing an increase of 2,250,960 pieces of mail.

Granting that a quarter of a million of these letters were sent directly to the old man, or to somebody else's old man, but just written because after having written the old man, we remembered other members of the family—in other words, that writing seemed so interesting, that we continued for the time being, the writing habit, we still have sent 2,000,000 letters to the Dads of the A.E.F., and that 251,260 knocked off is a good, liberal knockoff. At any rate, the postal authorities are sure that at least 2,000,000 Father's Letters went off which means that everybody in the A.E.F. who could write or dictate did so.

The steamship Chicago which sailed for God's Country, where the old man lives, on November 26, carried the majority of the 4,794,900 letters sorted on the 24th, 25th and 26th by the Postal Service at least on the 26th, and when the last truck left the terminal late in the afternoon of November 27 to catch the fast steamship Tennessees, every Dad's Letter received up to that time was headed for the old man's front porch in the States.

Three Ships Carry Letters

The third shipment, that of December 2, saw 3,837,500 more letters go out, many tens of thousands carrying the magic formula, insuring special delivery service, in the upper right hand corner. But the pace isn't over yet—not by half, as the game down at Nantes and St. Nazaire and Rouen will be the first to tell you. Just to prove that it isn't, look what Rouen did. Rouen was eighth out of the nine ports last week; this week, for the week's totals, it leads the bunch.

Here's the way they line up according to the official figures for the fourth week of the big drive, with the figures for the four weeks together in the second column:

Port	4th Wk.	For 4 Wks.
Rouen	1414	4287
Brest	1346	5337
Rochefort	1276	4688
La Pallice	1188	4582
Le Havre	1027	4519
Marseilles	919	4592
Nantes	916	4475
Nantes	901	3689
St. Nazaire	797	4022

Downhearted? No!

Though the dock gang at Brest had hoped to make it three straight "topping" weeks, having led the weekly lists twice in succession, they are not downhearted—NO! Haven't they got the premier position in the contest thus far? YES! You ought to have heard them yell when the news came through. Yes, and they'll yell again when President Wilson, aboard the George Washington, comes steaming through their little old port on Tuesday next, and tell him right out and out how Brest stands. The noise they're saving up for that day will make Mr. Wilson think of certain autumn days in 1912 and 1916 to find anything equaling it in volume and vigor.

New A.E.F. Record

Brest's transportation heads, Lieutenant Colonel Stern and Major O'Neill, think that they can finish the race next week, if they are given enough ships, but our correspondent has neglected to add whether or not they stated, when interviewed, that they were willing to back up that assertion with money. It would be a good bet to take, at that, for Brest is going to have a busy time next week, with the President and Mr. Lloyd George and everybody disembarking there. And "humans," like the President and the Premier, don't count as tonnage unloaded. Now if it were only Mr. Taft—

(Sh! Typewriter, mind your manners!) Anyway, the Brest bunch gave Major

Continued on Page 2

S. O. S. TURNS IN 418,000 FRANCS FOR ADOPTION OF 836 ORPHANS



MOTHER OF THE WAR ORPHANS

This is Miss (or, since we're in France, Mlle.) Marie Perrin, head of THE STARS AND STRIPES Bureau of the American Red Cross, which is the official name of the committee that handles the A.E.F.'s French war orphan fund. The family now numbers 2,646.

Miss Perrin determines what is best for all of them, or, at any rate, her committee does, and they, or their guardians, come to her for advice about domestic and other matters and for money.

Miss Perrin is French by birth and American by adoption and was a member of the Faculty of the Ethical Culture School in New York City until the war started, when she returned to France for relief work.

She now has the distinction of being the mother of the largest personally conducted family in the world.

BREST IS LEADER AT HALF WAY MARK IN RACE TO BERLIN

Rouen, However, Jumps
From 8th to 1st in Fig-
ures for Week Past

MISS WILSON BOOSTS DRIVE

President's Daughter Tells Bor-
deaux Gang How Home Folks
Root for S.O.S.

DING!
Half-mile post on the Race to Berlin—four weeks' freight tossing concluded, four more to go. Here they come down the stretch, in the following order:

Brest, Marseilles, Rochefort, La Pallice, Le Havre, Bordeaux, Rouen, St. Nazaire and Nantes.
But the race isn't over yet—not by half, as the game down at Nantes and St. Nazaire and Rouen will be the first to tell you. Just to prove that it isn't, look what Rouen did. Rouen was eighth out of the nine ports last week; this week, for the week's totals, it leads the bunch.

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The reception of the Americans has been about the same as that accorded the other armies of occupation. The German populace has met the victorious Allied armies in silence and submission, and so far as the American zone is concerned, there has been no untoward act against the troops.

The happiest people in Treves on the Army's entry were the 14 Yanks who lay wounded in the Red Cross Hospital on the edge of the town. Four officers and ten enlisted men, they had been carried there one by one during the summer and fall from the battlefields of France, gradually to form in one wing of the old barracks a little American colony of hope and pain.

All afternoon of the question of how to move them and many German wounded when the Germans were obliged by the terms of the armistice to recede beyond the Rhine, so they were left behind under the care of a competent staff of German doctors and nurses, who treated them well and served their wounds with expert hands. Quite two weeks ahead of our troops came two American surgeons to look to their welfare, and by Monday American surgeons were in charge of their cases.

One of the fourteen was a private who had been crippled by machine gun fire as long ago as last July at Chateau-Thierry, when the fear of the German host still lay like a shadow across the world. He had been bandaged, tickled and transported through an endless chain of field hospitals and finally moved by train to Germany. Even in his wildest dreams that hot August night when they carried him from the station at Treves to the hospital across the way, he could not have hoped that before

Biggest Lump Contribu- tion in History of A.E.F.'s Giving

EVERY A R M REPRESENTED

Lusty Fortune Will Be Used to
Care for Children of France's
Redeemed Areas

ARMY NOW PARRAINS TO 2,646

140 Boys and Girls Taken Outside
the S.O.S., Making 976 the Grand
Total for Star Week

Surpassing several times over the biggest previous donation, the record contribution to THE STARS AND STRIPES Christmas Gift War Orphan Fund came in this week. It was from the S.O.S.

It was the fund which the S.O.S. in a campaign lasting only a few weeks and conducted more or less quietly under the leadership of Hq., S.O.S., so far as the rest of the Army was concerned, raised during the busiest period in its history.

It was gathered at the base ports between the launching, and landing of bulging nets of freight, on the lines of communication between the passage of crowded trains, in the construction camps, at the air centers, at the mess tables in the barracks, at entertainments, in the offices, where everybody from the orderly to the general was figuring out the details of moving an Army two ways at once.

Trunkful of Francs

The money came from all the reaches of central and southern France, from the hold units working up on the edge of the battle zone to the furthest reaches of the French forests where the news has not penetrated to the hardy American woodsmen yet that the armistice is signed. It came in to the Christmas Gift War Orphan Fund manager at Tours in checks, in currency, in paper money in all of the departments of France. Some of it was new and crisp—fresh from the paymaster. Some of it was fingerstained, tattered and crumpled worn.

It took a box bigger than a traveling salesman's trunk, and when it was all counted it was found there were 418,000 francs, enough to provide for the support of 836 down-on-their-luck youngsters, enough to play a big and important part in ameliorating the acute suffering in the sections of France recently freed from the grip of the Germans, in departing, took most of the food, a lot of other things they could carry.

The big contribution came with the understanding that it would be used for the children of those redeemed areas; with the exception of certain contributions, the Red Cross and individuals which specified otherwise.

Big Order for Red Cross

The Red Cross committee already is at work selecting and listing the children who are to join the A.E.F. family. They will complete their work, allot the children, and begin the expenditure of the money, as soon as the necessary arrangements as soon as the postal department, the railroads and the French civil government is again functioning. This will be a matter of weeks only.

Among the various services and organizations represented in the S.O.S. contribution was:

The Transportation Corps, the Medical Corps, including base hospitals and ambulance companies; the Ordnance Department, the Chemical Warfare Service, Provost Marshals and Military Police, the offices in the District of Paris, the General Purchasing Agent, Depot Divisions, the General Staff, the Adjutant General's Department, Base Section staffs, the Air Service, casual camps and depots, Division of Light Railways and Loads, the Engineers, the War Risk Insurance Section, the Motor Transport Corps, the Quartermaster Corps, the Judge Advocate's Department, the Red Cross, the Requisition and Claims Department, the Inspector General's Department, the Chief Surgeon's Office, the Chief Engineer's Office, and the Signal Corps, including the telephone operators.

With the contribution came this statement:

"The S.O.S. contribution to THE STARS AND STRIPES Christmas Gift Orphan Fund is made as one big contribution from the Service of Supply, every branch of the service being represented. The names of the contributors are not printed, as has been the custom of THE STARS AND STRIPES in connection with similar campaigns, although all will be provided with photographs and histories of children cared for by their contributions. Maj. Gen. James G. Harbord, commander-in-chief, S.O.S., commenting on this departure, said that the Service of Supply has worked together as a unit to maintain, feed, clothe and supply the forces at the front and such has shared in their successes, and now the S.O.S. is doing its bit to make life pleasant for a thousand French children in the same spirit. The success of the S.O.S. has been gained not by working as individuals or as organizations, but by its work as part of the great whole. The spirit of unity is strong in the S.O.S., and the spirit of self-sacrifice does not exist among its members. Every man's shoulder is at the wheel, regardless of whether he be a private or a general, a clerk or a general, a carter or a soldier, a motor engineer, a doughboy or a horse soldier when it comes to tending the big trucks of the S.O.S. The use of the S.O.S. are more localized in France than are the others of the A.E.F., and many of them are already identified with the local life and local charities in their several sections. The Biblical injunction of not allowing the right hand to know what the left hand does, and the fact that one man's penance may mean more sacrifice than another's hundred, prompts the S.O.S. orphans contributions being made as a lump sum. Invidious comparisons by showing the different sums contributed by organizations and individuals thereby being avoided. The spirit of the widow was as honored by the S.O.S. as the contributions of a Croesus or a Rockefeller, General Harbord declared."

S.O.S. Tops 1,000 Orphans

As a matter of fact, the figure of 836 does not cover the contribution of the S.O.S. in its entirety in its campaign;

Continued on Page 2

SQUADS EAST NOW DOUGHBOY'S JOY FIVE DAYS A WEEK

Same Old Stuff Saturday
A.M. but Surcease
Cometh Sunday

REDLEGS WILL LEARN I. D. R.

Wearers of Stars and Braid Also to
Be Kept Out of Mischief With
Pretty Problems

While those of us of the combat divisions of the A.E.F. which are not lucky enough to be part of the Army of Occupation are hanging around here, we are not going to have all day to wash our shirts and play ball in. "Drill, ye warriors, drill," is the rule, according to the terms of G.O. 207.

"Five days each week," says that highly entertaining document, "and at least five hours each day will be devoted to training."

"Saturday morning," it continues cheerfully, "will be used for a rigorous inspection of all troops, means of transportation, animals and quarters." But it adds with a soothing touch, "Saturday afternoon and Sunday will be given the soldiers for rest and recreation."

In the main, the general principles introduced in the detailed programs previously issued to divisions in France will continue to govern the training which is to be carried out. In Infantry companies the training of individuals and groups will be perfected by suitable courses, and a high standard of marksmanship with rifle, pistol and automatic weapons will be reached and maintained. Daily practice with service ammunition is laid down for all, and the order specifically states that the longer ranges, 500 and 600 yards, will not be neglected.

Back to Squads East
Also, we shall have to go back to squads east again.

"Each training day shall contain from 15 minutes to an hour's close order drill by squad and platoon. Nothing less than perfection in the execution of any movement should be allowed to pass without correction."

The bulk of the 25 or more hours a week allotted to tactical exercises: diversification of terrain and chiefly in the attack, which promises to be more interesting. Scouts and squads are to be thoroughly instructed in the use of cover, and scouts are furthermore to be taught to work in pairs, one covering with his rifle the advance of the other. Groups of all sizes will be taught the old game of advancing by rushes, of portions of the command, under cover of the fire of the remainder. Platoons, too, will be exercised in the attack of machine guns, and companies will be drilled in close order of machine gun nests and strong points.

Even the Artillery will not be able to escape from the squads-casting process. It is distinctly laid down for the redlegs that they, like the doughboys, will have "short dismounted drills in close order," varied by instruction and practice in small arms. Faults of execution are to be corrected—"checked," in the terminology of the drill manual. Deficiencies in instruction in the care of animals and in mounted work will be corrected, as far as is consistent with the state of animal supply and the absolute necessity for resting and recuperating the animals of the various commands.

Nifty Artillery Program

All Artillery officers and a certain number of non-coms are to be practiced in the rapid preparation of fire, particularly on visible objectives by the parallel methods. Facility in the adjustment and use of the range finder is also laid down to be acquired, and it is directed that at least two soldiers in each battery or headquarters are to be trained in its use. Practice will also be had in the methods of fire for the old soixante-quatre.

"Great stress," says the G.O., "will be laid on reconnaissance under various tactical situations and on the rapid selection and occupation of positions for immediate action." It adds that the service of liaison and information must be perfected, and provides for the training of specialists as individuals and groups, with particular reference to visual communication and duty as scouts, agents and route markers.

Practical exercises in the field are prescribed for all units of the divisions larger than companies, chiefly in those exercises incident to the offensive, with the staging of situations and incidents similar to those encountered by the A.E.F. in the operations following July 18, 1918. The tactical doctrine set forth in the combat instructions issued by H.Q. under date of September 5, 1918, in the Notes on Recent Operations, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and in extracts from the Infantry Drill Regulations now in process of revision will be followed out, and nothing contrary to the spirit of those instructions will be taught.

Work for Stars, Too

Divisional instruction—in other words, drill—will, until further orders, proceed by division for four weeks each. At the conclusion of each period the program will be repeated, but with fresh situations for all tactical exercises. The general program outlined is based upon Infantry work, and all other arms of the service will conform to the fundamental scheme of it.

For the first week of the four, the program calls for 25 hours of company drill, with one certain exercise for division, brigade and regimental commanders conducted by the corps commander—proving that the Stars will have to work, too, under the new scheme of things.

The second week will see 10 hours' company drill for each company, and 15 for each battalion, reinforced by Stokes mortars, one-pounders, company machine guns and the ever-reliable soixante-quatre. The third week program provides for 5 hours' company drill, 10 hours of regimental maneuvers, the regiment being reinforced by a battalion of 175. The fourth week will see 5 hours' company drill, 5 hours' battalion drill, and three days of divisional maneuvers, consuming 5 hours a day. One-third of all divisional maneuvers will be prepared and conducted by the corps headquarters.

Machine gun organizations will be given individual training as for Infantry, but the bulk of the time will be devoted to technical instruction and firing with service ammunition.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO STARS AND STRIPES SUBSCRIBERS

Effective November 29, the entering of subscriptions for any period to THE STARS AND STRIPES ceased. THE STARS AND STRIPES is now on a cash sale basis only.

All members of the American E.F. holding subscription tickets to THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue to have their subscriptions filled by the usual method as long as they remain in France, or until such tickets have expired. All subscriptions that members of the American E.F. have entered for relatives and friends in the States will continue to be filled as heretofore.

Members of the American E.F. on receiving notice of return to the United States, have three options as regards THE STARS AND STRIPES subscription tickets in their possession:

1. The unexpired portion of any ticket will be redeemed for its cash equivalent (25 centimes for each attached coupon) on presentation to the Treasurer of THE STARS AND STRIPES. Requests for refunds may be forwarded through THE STARS AND STRIPES' field representatives.

2. The holder of a subscription ticket may have THE STARS AND STRIPES forwarded to him in the States for the unexpired portion of such ticket by writing his American address on the ticket and turning it in to the duly accredited field representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES with his unit's A.P.O., or by sending same direct to THE STARS AND STRIPES. There is no guarantee, however, that THE STARS AND STRIPES will continue publication for any given period from date.

3. The holder of a subscription ticket, or any portion thereof, may designate that the amount of money represented by the unexpired portion of the ticket is to go into a fund for the care of A.E.F. French War Orphans, adopted through THE STARS AND STRIPES, after the American E.F. has left France. To exercise this option, the holder of a ticket should turn same in to a duly accredited field representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES, or direct to the office of THE STARS AND STRIPES, with the words, "For War Orphans Fund," and his signature written plainly across face of the ticket.

THE STARS AND STRIPES.
32 Rue Taibout, Paris, France.

FREE EDUCATION WHILE WAITING ORDERS HOME

Continued from Page 1

under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A.'s Army Educational Commission, by far the greater part of the actual teaching work will be done by officers and enlisted men of the A.E.F. The War Department, through the Central Records Office at Bourges and other sources, has discovered that there are no less than 47,000 officers and men in the A.E.F. that have had previous teaching experience. They will be detailed to see the job through, and to impart of their wisdom and direction to anybody that wants it.

Credit's Toward Degrees

For the book part of the process, the publishers of text books in the United States have gotten out special editions at the lowest possible cost. The ability to read and write will be taught by these books and issue them, just like blankets, to those that want them. Any way, the Army now guarantees to take care of their transport and distribution just as soon as they hit France, to insure that no post or camp school shall be bookless on January 1. In addition, the American Library Association is preparing to put in every Y hut in France a reference library of books you may need to get at but not to work at all the time.

Men who left American universities to come over here will have opportunities to gather college credits that will count toward degrees from their institutions by attending courses in the most famous of the English and French universities.

For example, an Engineer wants to pursue his interrupted studies in architecture; he will be fixed up to attend the Benux Arts, Paris, which is one of the finest architectural courses in the world. He need not fear the language difficulty if he does not know enough French to get all of a lecture, for American specialists will be brought over to work in the French university classrooms.

Furlough for University Work

Again, a college B.A. back in the States wants to take a post-graduate course in English literature or history or some other classical subject. The ways will be geared for him to listen to the best lecturers at Oxford or Cambridge, and the credits he gains will be counted toward his P.G. degree in God's country.

Every Yank who wants to take a university course should apply at once to his commanding officer, who can give a furlough for the purpose, and should send a duplicate of the letter, stating his qualifications and previous education, to the Educational Department, Y.M.C.A., 10 Rue d'Elysee, Paris. In co-operation with the American University Union, which has branches in London and Rome as well as in Paris, the Educational Department will look up his record as to previous courses taken, and will then recommend to the Army authorities that he be allowed to take any courses which he is fitted to pursue.

Naturally, a man who was a freshman when he left America can expect to take on senior year work in a French or English university, but he would be allowed to take sophomore work. To bridge the gaps for such men, inevitable where the courses in foreign universities do not correspond to those in ours, special classes will be formed.

Ample Technical Courses

Aside from the classical end, there will be an ample program of technical education offered, under the charge of President Kenyon L. Butterfield, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College and of Dean Reber of the University of Wisconsin, who will have special control over engineering courses. In other lines some of the superintendents will be Professor John Erskine of Columbia University; Frank E. Spaulding, superintendent of schools in Cleveland; Professor P. A. Appelboom of Kansas State University; Professors Mallory and Coleman of the University of Chicago, and Dr. Everett Green of the University of Illinois.

Existing school facilities within the Army itself will be utilized to the utmost. For example, the school for bandmasters at Chaumont (G.H.Q.) is to be expanded into a conservatory of music for the whole A.E.F. If any man wants to take a course in violin, piano, cornet, or even slide trombone manipulating, all he has to do is to apply to take the course in the A.E.F. conservatory.

Trying It on Gievres

At Gievres there has been under way for a long time a set of schools in all the camps of that huge project, taught by 322 different A.E.F. instructors, of whom only two are lieutenant colonels and only 15 are Y workers. There all the more rudimentary subjects to be offered under the A.E.F.'s schooling plan have been taught, beginning with the training of men who could neither read nor write and ending up, with some advanced courses in music and in higher mathematics. "Try it on Gievres" has been the motto of the people who have had the A.E.F.'s school scheme in charge, and they expect to derive many valuable hints; by the time they open up full blast on January 1, from what they themselves have learned at the big railroad and storage depot in entering to the 50,000 men there.

At St. Nazaire also the experimental educational work is well under way. Over 40 courses were being offered at that port on the day the armistice was signed.

Already many inquiries as to the na-

ture of the work, and the details of getting in on some of it, have been received at the headquarters of the Educational Commission. In a short while question blanks will be issued, asking each man what he wants to take. An officer wrote in to know if he could be sent to Denmark to study dairying. It was pointed out to him that he could study practical dairying under the scheme well enough, but could not be sent to Denmark without being interned. Denmark still being a neutral country.

Correspondence Courses

If a man belongs to an isolated unit of less than 500 men and wants to take a correspondence course in any subject, all he has to do is to write to the Army Educational Commission and ask for particulars. Text books will be sent him, with instructions as to how the course is to be followed. A special correspondence course in business methods, bookkeeping and the like will be offered, with W. H. Lough of the Business Training Corporation of New York in charge.

TIN DERBIES TO BE TOTED

Yes, you can take your old tin derby and gas mask back to the States with you after all, to prove that you surely did soldier. A recommendation to that effect from the authorities on this side has been duly approved.

The further recommendation that you be allowed to keep these two pieces of underbushery as souvenirs after you are demobilized in the States has been duly forwarded by cable to the War Department, but has not yet been acted upon.

NEW MARCONI DISCOVERY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Dec. 5.—The Marconi Company announced this week that its chief engineer has discovered a way to eliminate the "static" in interference with wireless messages. The president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, however, said tut-tut and announced that he thought the cables would continue business.

MILITARY RATE FOR A.F.C.'s

Army field clerks, says Bulletin 95, G.H.Q., field clerks, Q.M. Corps and members of the Army Nurse Corps have a military status and are entitled to the military rate of transportation on French railroads. "No civilians attached to the A.E.F. in any capacity," adds the order, "are entitled to the military rate."

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Trenches, Bedford Cord £1-5-0

Cap Badge 2-0

Boots 45/-, 50/- and 60/-

Luggage 28/- and 35/-

HOLBORN LONDON E.C.1

BREST STILL LEADING IN RACE TO BERLIN

Continued from Page 1

General Harbord, the S.O.S.'s C-in-C, a big reception on Thanksgiving Day, with a parade, a concert and speeches and all the rest, including the hoisting of the pennant for being the winning port the week previous. "It's going to stay there," they shouted, but this week Brest will have the proud privilege of flying it, despite the fact that Brest, in its frenzy handled 3,430 tons in 37 working hours, making 26 tons per batch per hour and 2 tons per man per hour, which is claimed as an A.E.F. record.

Right here should be recorded one of the great pieces of news of the week. It's been noised all around—in fact, St. Nazaire is plastered with 10,000 copies of the announcement—but there's every reason why it should be stated right here holdily in print:

The winning stevedore company of the coming port in the Race to Berlin will, as soon as possible after the conclusion of the contest, be sent HOME. General Harbord has said so.

Home, that's it, home. Where have we heard that word before? Oh, boy! Oh, baby, hustle dem ships along!

Miss Wilson Helps

Bordeaux which up to the time of its conversion into a large embarkation center, has been a formidable contender in the race, is not yet out of it by a long shot. The transformation taking place there is on a colossal scale, entailing the renovating of warehouses, erection of new buildings, and so forth. This work has taken the men away from the hatches and together with the confusion of the men on the docks, were returning home, has helped to pull down the port's average. It's nothing the gang could help.

To prove that they have been plugging away like frogs down there in Gascony, just look at what they did one morning. They got up early and loaded more than 10,000 tons of freight in one day. While that doesn't hit St. Nazaire's record of the week previous—12,377 tons—it's a mighty creditable performance, as Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's daughter, told the crowd when she came down on to the docks to watch them leave away.

Miss Wilson also gave a half hour's concert—no longer because the gang wanted to get back to work and when she started in to sing Southern songs all the gang joined in on the choruses. She had a hard time escaping from the Y hut in which she was performing, for the gang simply could call for "just one more song." She gave a short talk to her enthusiastic audience, telling them how much the work of the S.O.S. was appreciated by the folks back home.

Rain Handicaps Rochefort

The rivalry between the Bordeaux camps still keeps up, and first honors for the week concluded went to the 25th Company, L.R. 12, G. West, commanding. "The people in the city of Bordeaux are much interested and watch the scoreboards telling of the contest's progress. Lt. Col. Collis has arranged a party at one of the Bordeaux theaters for the 25 stevedores who make the best record for five consecutive days. At this show, the commanding general of the Base Section, Brig. Gen. Walsh,

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Trenches, Bedford Cord £1-5-0

Cap Badge 2-0

Boots 45/-, 50/- and 60/-

Luggage 28/- and 35/-

HOLBORN LONDON E.C.1



and the dock officers will be present, but the 25 stevedores will be given the front row seats.

Rochefort continues to plug along, although she was handicapped considerably during the past week by rain. Nobody is in the least discouraged. Col. Kelley has been dividing his time between Rochefort and La Pallice urging the gang on, and he figures that, while the two ports are smaller than some of the others in the race, the chances of one of them—the place a stevedore is using out are just as good. The two are running a pretty race of their own, neck and neck almost.

St. Nazaire, though the tail-ender this week, knows no let-up in its enthusiasm. Like Bordeaux, it has been transformed into an embarkation center, and that has slowed up its freight-carrying propensities. But what St. Nazaire is looking for is not sympathy, but more ships, and is praying to high heaven for them. Lt. Eddie Hart, the contest officer there, knows that even the best team is bound to have a mid-season slump, and he and his workers are not a bit unoptimistic.

Nantes Takes Crack at Brest

Nantes is one of the main features of St. Nazaire's employment daily, two performing on the docks at noon, two at supper time, and two at midnight. The little port at the mouth of the Loire never heard such a volume of melody in its life. The famous negro band is on the job, and so is the Stevedore quartet, which sings popular airs around the ships' sides as the men toss the boxes.

The French priests are featuring the contest in the churches of the town and urging their parishioners to support and cheer the Yanks on. The mass meetings are still on at Camp 4, and Col. Goodwyn's men have been foregoing well-earned rest and nights on pass to attend them.

Nantes, which is farther inland than Brest, claims that Brest has been hogging all the shipping that comes along and unloading it before its crowd can get a crack at it. Tonen, as judged by just week's reputation, is everything on the job, as are Havre and Marseilles. Each one of them swears that by the time the President comes around on his inspection trip—as the chances are he will—it will have the weekly awarded pennant flying out on the breeze to greet him.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1918.

CHRISTMAS, 1918

Whether spent in Germany, France or the United States, this Christmas to come is going to be the most joyous in the memory of the present day generation of Americans. The festival celebrating the coming of the Prince of Peace will take on a new significance, because the Prince of Peace has at last come into His own, and the mighty edifice of civilization that bears His name has, after four long years, proved that it can and will endure and that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Those of us who cannot be at our own fireside this Christmas will not grieve at the separation, for we well know that the people at home will be with us in spirit on that day, undistracted by the anxieties and doubts that filled their minds a scant year ago, and looking forward with hope and joy to the day of our proud return. They will have our gifts, our messages of love and cheer to tide them over until our actual homcoming, now at least within sight. "And their joy no man shall take from them."

It is going to be a merry Christmas all around—the merriest and best until the one that's coming next year, when Sock, 1. Heavy, issue, will make its appearance by the chimneys of about 2,000,000 American homes.

THE DAYS THAT ARE COMING

"As for the future, we know that the nation that has asked us to come across the seas and fight the battle there, which we have, again expects great things from us, and these great things will be judged only so far as we maintain our self-respect and only so far as we try to rise to those ideals with which the nation has fed us since our early infancy."

"We must be honorable and true and self-restrained and noble."

"We go back not to an old order, because the old order has passed away. We go back to the home land to make all things new, not merely living according to principles which controlled society in past days, but to bring new power to those principles and establish a new era in the economic world, social world and religious world."

"As this war has attained, at last, the making of the world safe for Democracy, so must you and I come back and make Democracy safe for the world."

That we will, Bishop Brent; and thank you for the words with which you, as Senior Chaplain of the A.E.F., have thus outlined the duty that lies before us as citizens of the New America.

THE GOB'S PART

The American sailors in European waters, and the sailors of the other navies of the Allies, are getting a lot of satisfaction out of the surrender of the German navy. However, there is the rankling fact that the surrender was a peaceable one not directly compelled by their force of arms.

In the days to come, when we are talking it over, it is probable that a lot of dialogues something like this are going to take place:

Ex-Soldier: "Hille, you fellows didn't win the war. We licked the German army, and that forced the German navy to surrender."

Ex-Sailor: "You couldn't have licked the German army if we hadn't starved it out."

Whereupon, the discussion will be on the verge of that hopeless argument, Who won the war?

We should like to remark again that no individual nation, person, act or organization won the war; that the cooperation of them all did it.

And we should like to say of the sailors that, even though they were denied the "big battle," their service was "active" enough to have satisfied the most of us. If we had to choose, for instance, between the first line trenches and the little destroyers that escorted 2,000,000 soldiers into port with a loss of 300, we would say, "Give us the trenches."

The gob who patrolled the sea in a chaser that "didn't get torpedoed because it didn't hit the water often enough" is, at stomach, a better man than we are.

TO THE CARDINAL

At the moment when the Belgian bands, leading the rejoicing columns of troops back into their homeland, are sounding forth that great anthem which tells how the Belgian "arising from his tomb, has reconquered by his courage his name, his rights and his flag," we of the Allies who have known and watched him, and through doing so have grown to love and revere him, stand with bared and bowed heads in honor of Cardinal Mercier.

Truly he was and is, as the poet said: One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed the right would be worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

In the days when the hosts of darkness strode forth to his country, when the whole world stood aghast at the enormity of the German crime, his voice was the first to be lifted in righteous, indignant, stirring protest, regardless of the consequences to himself. For more than four long and weary years he has been in the best sense of the word, a pastor to his people, the comforter of his flock, ready and willing to lay down his life for them if the conquerors made that the price of his

zeal in their behalf. With strong and comforting words he has heartened his nation's soldiers and the armies of its befrienders, telling them that those who lost their lives in combating the monster would find them again, that by dying they would be saved.

A great priest, a great patriot, a great Christian—above all, a great soul is he; such a man as all the Allies, regardless of race or creed, delight to honor, and are better in mind and spirit for having honored—Mercier of Belgium.

THE WISE ONES

In these days of mild anticipation of getting back to the States, of speculating on whether or not the Government is going to charge us for all the equipment we are shy, or wondering if the boss will make good on his "same old job back after the war" offer, it would not be unseemly if we did a little something ourselves against the day of our restoration to civility and long trousers. For one thing, we could save a little money.

We do not believe that this newspaper can be accused of having been a preacher of financial conservatism. While the fighting was on and lives were at stake, there were more important things to talk about than money. And now we have no thought of presenting a solution for the \$33 a month (and up) disposal problem which confronts every doughboy and his brethren of other services every month—if he is lucky. But we want to mention that the wise ones are laying away a supply of francs against the day when they can get something more than slum and beans to eat—if they've got the price.

A hundred dollars or so is going to mean a lot to a lot of returning soldiers who began saving in time.

FROM AN AMERICAN MOTHER

On November 11, the day that the armistice was signed, an American mother wrote the following letter to her son in France. It is but one of many such now being received in the A.E.F. Here it is: My very dear boy: The days we have longed and prayed for are here, the days of peace—and for you do not realize it. There must be millions of us who wake with the old, old horror still heavy on our hearts, and will for many days to come, but I mustn't "fall down," as you would say.

When we think of what the young, untired, boyish, buoyant Army of ours has done our heads go up with a toss, I assure you. How we long to show every man of you the tender pride the country holds for our boys and how we long to see and know and hear tales of the wonderful Tommies and pollus and Aussies and all the rest of those you have known and beloved and bunched and bunched with since we last twisted a goodbye smile out of our reluctant features.

You speak of the anniversary of the day you left, and went out where our arms could no longer defend you, and when we suffered not only all the perils and dangers you met, but all that had never been told or written. But—peace has come! What a birthday this has been for me! What a Christmas this will be for everybody. Well, we will all have some dinner parties some day, and you shall all sing of the arms and the men at my fireside. . . . I shall forget—no, never forget, but cover up all this long, long, long, and hear young, happy, exultant voices and laughter, and know that Youth has come into its kingdom again.

God bless my son, above them all, for all his brave, steadfast confidence that this day would come, as it has come!

"YANKS"

While we had hoped to make the first deliveries of "Yanks," the book of A.E.F. verse collected from the files of THE STARS AND STRIPES, by November 15, certain unforeseen circumstances, such as a formidable document signed on the dotted line by a number of German emissaries and the celebrations consequent thereupon, coupled with the difficulties attendant on getting a book out on time by a Yankee editor whose knowledge of French would hardly qualify him for acceptance by the Forty Immortals, prevented, unfortunately, the issuance of the precious volume until the day before Thanksgiving.

Now, however, we are going strong, with the first edition all bespoken, and the second, or Victory Edition, proudly slipping down the ways.

There will be more editions to follow, to judge from the way our kind and admiring friends are sandbagging, sniping and grenading us in order to obtain copies to send home as a keepsake of the war. Just give us a little time in which to negotiate, through the medium of three interpreters, the delivery of more copies, and a little more time before we can put the official "bon a tirer" on the revised proofs for the later editions, and a little more time to shake hands with our French printing compatriots, and we'll kick through with all the "Yanks" you desire.

THE LAST ACT

The war is ending like a melodrama. There were some who feared for it the dread conclusion of a tragedy. There were some who, in the anxious days of Verdun and again last May, thought that the Germans would win the war; that they who had drawn the sword would not perish by the sword. To have thought that was—well, it was something like atheism.

But now it is plainly as a melodrama that the last act of the great play unfolds—such an outrageously happy ending as few playwrights would dare to indulge in. See how virtue is rewarded and villainy put down. See how the chief villain has already made his exit (with curses) while the gallery hissed. And now, from the left wing and from the right, through the center door fancy and from around behind the back drop, do we detect the entrance of all the principal characters, assembling before the footlights for the last fine blast from the orchestra and the fall of the final curtain?

FOR FRANCE'S CRITICS

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold, a beam is in thine own eye?

Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

The Army's Poets

ANSWER!

Did you give of your best to this Army, old boy,
Out of all that you had?
Did you do, then, the things you were given to do
Without even a murmur, my lad?
Did you, white like a pup when the order was
hard,
And going rougher than hell?
Can you pick up your head with the rest of the
bunch?
For your Best is your All—and it's well.
You may not have so fancied that job you were
on.
It may have been a misfit;
But if, of your store, you gave them the best,
If you did that, thank God, it's your bit.
Lt. E. I. R.

ON THE MEUSE

How happy is tonight—
When all thy hills
Rest from the buffeting of years of strife.
How happy is tonight—
When all thy dead
Rest in the victory they have bought with life!
How happy is tonight—
When all the world,
Freed from the agony and threat of war,
Rests for a moment—peaceful evermore.
HARRY G. BATES, 1st Lt., 30th Am. Tr.
Nov. 11, 1918.

MOONBEAMS

Ah, pale white moon, that shines so bright for me,
Carry a message far o'er the rolling sea,
To one who's waiting, waiting for the Dawn
That from this turmoil in laughter shall be born.
Say all is well, and that my heart with longing
Waits for the day, when, all the world a-singing,
Glad meetings only, tears are brushed away,
Everyone smiling, hearts will all be gay.
And pale, white moonbeams, tell her to be strong;
Love's adoration—that's my only song.
Though days be dreary, nights be long and lone,
When it is all over, our joy will atone.
Ah, pale, white moon, that shines so bright for me,
Shine bright for her; let your beams to her be
The light of my love, though I be far away—
And the first faint glimmer of the approaching
day.
ARLESH.

BELGIUM'S DESTROYED ART

Here lieth Beauty in the Belgian gate,
Done to her death by yon distempered host:
Here in the dust of slaughter have men lost
A loved form, child of the pregnant weight
Of centuries, born of no sudden fate.
But like a babe with travail and great cost
Brought in the world, nourished amid the frost
And flame of Time and reared to ripe estate.
And shall the Butcher pay? Ay, even now
The bloody cleaver from his hands we wrench:
Gold shall he give and the labor of his days;
Even though he sorrow in his time, and bow
In penitence, still shall he bear the stench
Of his own murder while he fully pays!
H. T.

THE END OF YOUTH

In northern France my soldier lover lies,
My soldier lover, with his clear boy's eyes,
And with his smile, so brave, so sweet, so wise.
He heard the call of Death on Honor's field,
And answered: "Here!" his soul to service sealed.
High-hearted at the pledge Truth had revealed.
I glory that he lived and had his share
Of that great glory, given those who dare
Give all for Freedom—but I care! I care!
What of the promise of his youth and mine?
What of our home and hopes of love's design?
What of the lonely years in long, lone line?
VIRGINIA A. G. NELSON, Y.M.C.A., A.E.F.

"BY THEIR FRUIT"

(Dedicated to Lieut. A. P. B.)
"Tis said the soldier bears a savage heart—
Ah, no; too oft the khaki blouse conceals
A gentle heart that only strife reveals.
As playing 'mid life's game a noble part:
And meath the soldier's rough exterior
Will often thro' a breast with friendship rife
For all humanity the British strife
Came quite to taint his spirit fair.
For here, amid the army of the free,
The soldier yearns not for the steel or gun,
Save that thereby the play'll be rightly won
And make the world free for humanity."
"Tis said the soldier's but at heart a brute?
Judge him according to his deeds and fruit.
FRA GUIDO, F.A.

THE GHOST

(The speaker speaks)
With unbound hair, in a gown of white,
On bare and silent feet,
She came to me again last night—
My vision strangely sweet.
She seemed to ask a gift of me
With all her lovely charms.
What did she hold so carefully
Within her bended arms?
Her eyes again made tender plea:
They rob me of all rest!
Would I could understand and see
What lay against her breast.
CAROLINE GILMAN,
Chief Surgeon's Office.

I LOVE YOU, DEAR

I love you, dear.
I did not know until I came
So far away. Perhaps the flame
Of war has taught me that
I love you, dear.
You are so near.
I see you in the clouds and trees.
Your voice I hear—the whispering breeze
Reminds me, and the song of birds,
That you are near.
I need you, dear.
The days are long and I am shy,
But unafraid, for you are nigh.
I thrill, light-hearted, for I know
I need you, dear.
MELVIN RYDER.

WHILE GLOWS ONE STAR

While glows one lone, bright star
In night-veiled sky,
Hearts will not want in faith,
Dreams will not die.
While blooms a lone red rose
'Mid thistle and weed,
The soul will wake to song,
And noble deed.

And while 'mid hosts of slaves
One heart is free,
Celestial tunes will cleave the sky
With paens of liberty.
FRA GUIDO, F.A.

LITTLE KID OF FRANCE

Little kid of France,
With your bashful glance,
Sonder eyes askance,
Standing in the door:
Come, be roughish, wily,
Stretch your hand, if shyly,
Be a trifle smelly,
If there is a war.
Little kid of France,
With your funny pants,
Dare to take a chance,
Come and get it, son,
Please don't be so chary.
Wide-eyed and so starey,
Though we're strange and scarey,
We are strong for you.
JOHN PIERRE ROCHE, Lt., Q.M.C.

DAVE HORNSTEIN

(The Marine, July 26, 1918)
Upon the river's bank you marched to death,
That Liberty forevermore might live,
And when that ravaged goddess gasped for breath,
You gave her freely all you had to give.
The soil is richer for your lying there;
The air is sweeter for the breath you brought.
Though dim your eyes, yet see you not how fair
And peaceful flows the river where you fought?
Sleep on, oh, comrade; yours a holy sleep,
And meeting God at last, your journey cease:
Our task to travel on and sacred keep
The memories of your bid to bring us peace.
ARTHUR MORRIS, A.E.F.

RHEIMS



REBUKED

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
We are all in a certain Base Hospital for obvious reasons. We are all of and from fighting units of the A.E.F. We have all been in France long enough to wear at least one, and some of us two service chevrons. The reason of this epistle, dear editor, is the column a certain newspaper over here is, and has been conducting in regard to "Which is Best, American or French Girls?" Before we go further, let us state that we, one and all, hold the highest possible regard for both American and French girls.

But—we do not feel that we can respect our fellow members of the A.E.F. (including officers) who have contributed to the aforementioned column. As it helps fill up space for the paper conducting it, suffice to say that our estimates of that paper is decidedly small, and let it pass.

However, we consider it on a basis with enemy propaganda. We consider it an insult to both American and French girls. Besides this, it is plainly to be seen that some of our fellow members of the A.E.F. (including some officers) have taken this small means of publishing their petty grievances against girls of their acquaintance of either nationality.

We are rather plainly spoken in this letter, but even then it does not do justice to our feelings. We hope you, the editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES, will not be adverse to printing this, and remain,
Respectfully yours,
Sgt. D. B. GIBBS, Inf.
Corp. E. A. REEVES, 6th Marines.
Pvt. LOUIS C. LINN, U.S.M.C.
Corp. C. D. ROBINSON, M.G. Bn.
ISAAC C. PRICE, F.A.
G. J. CLINE, S.C.

REFERRED TO G.H.Q.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Now that the big show is over (or at least we hope it is), what are the powers that be going to do for the casual doughboy?

I mean the fellow who has been up on the lines, wounded, sent to a hospital, evacuated, pushed on further to a casual depot and finally "detained" somewhere in France doing odd jobs.

Is he ever going to get his pay? I and my buddies have anywhere from six to ten months' pay coming. I have only received 86 francs since July 4, 1918, and I am one of the lucky ones among our little troupe of wandering casuals. So much for the financial end, and the 33rd did it and did it well, at that, but it kind of gets your goat after what we went through up there north of Bethincourt and around Convoey to pick up your interesting account and read that the boys from Ohio, Texas, Maryland, Virginia, and so forth were in it, and never a word about the boys of the 33rd from Illinois. What do you say?

This makes my second letter to THE STARS AND STRIPES. The first was on the subject of the golden stripe a little argument—and with the able assistance of the next issue of your paper, in which you devoted a beautiful space to the letter written by the answer checker, I was able to gain a positive victory over the enemy back there at the base hospital. I am sure you will be just as anxious to do justice to the really fine work the boys of this division did in the Meuse campaign.

[We hate to do it, but in justice to ourselves we must pass the buck on this omission to the authority at corps headquarters who did not include the 33rd Division in the list of "those present" furnished us.—ENRON.]

OLD WORLD RELATIVES
To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Now that the war has been practically concluded, may we expect that the government will make arrangements to give permission to soldiers having relatives on this side of the water to visit them before returning to the States? I know that many, including myself, will be highly disappointed if we do not have this opportunity while here.
Pvt. L. WAGLE.

WORK FOR G-2

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I noticed in your issue of November 15 the little article headed "ANSWER," in which there seems to be some doubt as to who put the S.O.L. in soldier.

It's true this is a moot question which all of us would be glad to have solved, but in order to get to the root of it we would be obliged to delve deeper into the leaves of history than the rule of perpetuities would allow.
What is worrying us more than anything else is, "Who put the H.E.L. in Wilhelm?" We know who put the "I.L. (I)" in Wilhelm. No one will dispute that.
Suggest that G-2 get on the job.
HENRY M. FOWLER.

WE PASS THE BUCK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
We have been much interested to read in our paper the accounts of the work of the American Army in the region of the Meuse River. We entered that region the night the push started, September 23, or, rather, in the early morning of the 24th and we were in it for more than 30 days of the roughest kind of work.

Nobody's looking for any credit or bouquets or any of that stuff. The job was there to do, and the 33rd did it and did it well, at that, but it kind of gets your goat after what we went through up there north of Bethincourt and around Convoey to pick up your interesting account and read that the boys from Ohio, Texas, Maryland, Virginia, and so forth were in it, and never a word about the boys of the 33rd from Illinois. What do you say?

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Pvt. L. WAGLE.

A LONE YANK

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
While going through a French hospital in Lyon some time ago, I ran across a poor, lone negro soldier who had been wounded and sent there for treatment—the only American in the large ward in which I found him. Over his bed, on the bottom of a soap box, scrawled in heavy, black pencil, appeared these words: "English spoken here."
TITUS B. SHINE, Capt. Q.M.C.

A KID DOUGHBOY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
I have just come out of a hospital, having been wounded at Belleau Wood in July. When I was in the hospital I looked in all the copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES in the lists of the D.S.C. awards for the name of a little chap by the name of Dowling. All I know about him is that his name is Dowling and that he belongs to the 104th Infantry, 26th Division.

He is only a kid, but he saved my life and some of the other fellows' lives, too, when he was wounded and in the same ambulance with us. I am an old timer, serving my fifth enlistment. I was in Cuba in '98 with the Regular Army, but I have never seen a kid with as much sand as this lad, and I want to see him go home with the credit coming to him for what he did up in the Chateau-Thierry drive.

On the way to a dressing station, our ambulance was struck and knocked off the road by a shell and the kid was wounded again, but he got out with another fellow and put the wounded driver in his place, and then the kid drove that damn ambulance into another road where there weren't any shells landing and kept the car going until he fainted dead away. We stayed there until another ambulance came along and changed into it and so reached the hospital. The lad was badly wounded, the greatest kid I ever saw, and I want to see him get what's coming to them.
Pvt. JOHN MEREDITH.

AMERIQUES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
Being a member of a notorious band of stove pipe artists and entitled to a Croix de Guerre des Embusques, I feel I need no further introduction and am certain you will grant me sufficient space for the publication of this little idea of mine concerning a fitting name for the entire A. E. F.

Nicknames seem to be attached, as a rule, by chance, and heretofore the A.E.F. has had many, none of which has been entirely satisfactory, judging from complaints. THE STARS AND STRIPES backed up the name Yanks, which in a way fits all right, but still it hardly fills the bill, inasmuch as we have always applied this term to soldiers of the northeastern States. The A.E.F. being composed of soldiers from every town, county and State of the most cosmopolitan country in the world, it seems to me that it should have a name befitting this particular occasion, a name that, unlike the overseas cap, will not be a copy or a hand-me-down.

You will not doubt agree with me that all members of the A.E.F., regardless of rank, are equal representatives of the grandest country on earth, America. Therefore, I suggest to you the French word "Amerique," so instead of saying the Yanks did this or that, just say the Ameriques did it.
W. B. MURPHY, Pvt., 13th Engrs. (Ry.).

DEMOBILIZATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:
To help along the problem of demobilization of the A.E.F., it would be advisable, in my opinion, to ascertain the number of men who would prefer to be discharged from the service while in France.

I have reference to those American soldiers of foreign birth who have relatives and interests on this side of the ocean and are willing to remain here for some time.

If provisions are made to care for such cases, it would bring a legitimate joy to many good soldiers, lighten the heavy burden of transportation and curtail the Government's expenses.
Pvt. LEONARDO ACCIARDI, 304th San. Tr.

AMERICA IN GERMANY

II—Coblence

Coblence, the principal town on the left bank of the Rhine to be occupied by the American Third Army, lies at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, the latter being by now almost as familiar to the Germany-bound Yanks as the Mississippi or the Missouri. In peace times Coblence had a population of about 50,000, and the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, which lies just across the river, is capable of housing a garrison of 100,000 men.

The city is situated on a sort of triangular peninsula, formed by the junction of the two streams. In the early days of the Roman Army of Occupation, not much store was set by the site, and instead of being elevated to the dignity of a "castrum," camp, or "oppidum," town, Coblence was merely a posting station on the Rhine Road. "Ad Confluentes," or "at the confluence," it was called, which the latter Germanic tribes shortened and pronounced, as is the way with things Germanized, into Koblenz, or Coblence.

Coblence, then, is—or rather was—the capital of the province of Rhenish Prussia, the seat of both the civil and military authorities for that district. In addition to the great garrison across the river, the town itself furnished quarters for 5,000 troops. Bounded on the north and east by the two rivers, it is encircled on the south and west by a chain of strong forts, of which the most important are Fort Alexander and Fort Constantine.

Many Times Besieged

In the days when German overseas trade amounted to something, Coblence was an important wine center, being the seat of large champagne manufacturers. As one of its German chroniclers piously puts it, "most of this is exported to England and the British colonies." Down to the establishment of the federation of Rhenish towns, considerably before the Thirty Years' War, Coblence's commercial importance was practically nil.

The Thirty Years' War saw the city alternately besieged and garrisoned by the Swedish, French and Prussian troops. In 1688 although the town was nearly destroyed by the French cannonade, Marshal Boufflers was compelled to retreat without being able to force an entry. During the German occupation it became the seat of the Elector of Treves, but after the rise of the French republic and the defeat of the Prussian army at Valmy Coblence—spelled that way instead of the German way—was officially pronounced the capital of the department of Moselle and Moselle.

Thus it remained through the Napoleonic wars, the Little Corporal himself visiting it in 1804 with his spouse Josephine, and again on his way through to Russia. "The Russian campaign," blow-up, the French were compelled, on January 1, 1811, to evacuate the town, which then became Prussian. Thus it remained until early this week.

Birthplace of Metternich

Besides being fought over by many nations, Coblence has one particular claim to fame for having introduced to the world Prince von Metternich, the greatest trouble-maker of the whole nineteenth century. That famous, or rather infamous diplomat, author of the remark, among others, that "Italy was only a geographical expression," first saw the light of day in Coblence in 1773 in the Metternicher Hof, which building is still one of the sights of the town. Over the hills two and a half miles west is the village of Metternich, his family's seat.

An earlier von Metternich, the Elector Lothar, formed the Roman Catholic League at Coblence in 1609, for the city, like Cologne, is overwhelmingly Catholic, and always has been. Of its churches, perhaps the most interesting to the American Army is the Carmelitenkirche, which was the German garrison's own place of worship.

There in the choir are set forth, clustered around the picture of the Virgin, the representatives of the patron saints of Infantry, Cavalry, Artillery and Engineers—Sts. Maurice, George, Barbara and Joseph respectively, all obviously named before St. Bertha came into reign. Another and perhaps more handsome church is that of St. Castor, founded as far back as 836, with its four picturesque towers that form one of the most striking landmarks as one approaches Coblence from the Rhine side.

Over the Hills Is Ems

Over the hills to the east of Coblence is Ems, the famous watering place, famous also for the "Ems telegram" from Emperor William I, dictated by Bismarck in order to leave France no choice but to go to war in 1870. There is another remembrance of 1870 on the plateau of Karthause, to the west of the town, where 10,000 French prisoners were quartered pending the signing of the last Treaty of Versailles. Further to the north, beyond the Moselle, lies another point of interest for lovers of France, a blunted pyramid of lava erected in memory of General Marceau, who fell at Altenkirchen in 1796. The inscription upon it tells how the general was "a soldier at 16, a general at 22 years," but it tells nothing of his blockade of Ehrenbreitstein in 1795. However, there is near by another monument to the famous General Hoche, who held "the Gibraltar of the Rhine" until the peace of Loeben. Ehrenbreitstein, directly across the river, will undoubtedly be within the ground to be held by the Americans on the right bank of the Rhine. This fortress, which rises to a peak 350 feet above the river and 573 feet above sea level, is inaccessible on three sides and connected with the neighboring heights only from the north. Deep wells dug into the side of the hills are said to assure the occupying garrison of its water supply for three whole years.

Thrice Captured

Despite its seeming impregnability, it has been thrice captured and held. In 1631 the French obtained it, through the treachery of the Elector Philip Christopher. In 1637, back in the days of Louis XIV, the German imperial general, Johann von Werth, invested it, and starved out the French garrison. The Hoche's conquest of it in 1796, the fortifications were dismantled by virtue of the Peace of Lunéville in 1801.

So great store did Prussia set by Ehrenbreitstein, however, that in 1870 she forced France to pay 15,000,000 francs for the express purpose of restoring it, later adding to that many marks of her own.

More peaceful recollections of the place are furnished by recalling that the poet Goethe, in 1774, visited the thal, or little village at the bottom of the fortress promontory, to see his friend M. de la Roche, then chancellor of the electorate of Treves. The locality was also loved of the Grand Duchess Louisa of Baden, as the Loutsenthurm, or tower of Louisa, to the south of the fortress proper, bears evidence.

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING THAT WHEN YOU GO WITH THE ARMY TO LUXEMBURG, YOU LEARN SOMETHING



"He nearly fell out of his chair laughing."

Somewhere in Belgium, Nov. 19, 1918. Begates Heindrick: Wass ist dass Henry. I bet you don't 'kn'w.' That is German for his ker say.

Well Henry I am sure having some experience in this old war. Our outfit is going to Germany as the army of occupation. We are in Belgium now which ain't very far from Germany. Luxembourg is where we are headed for on the map and I got my old gun and a couple of hand grenades in my hip pocket so if they start anything I'll be ready to protect myself. Luxembourg is a tough place I guess considering all them proosians that come from just the other side of there. I bet I and Buck will have to take turns about sleeping or somebody will come along and beat out of us.

But at that Henry I am learning to parley some German just the same so I can tell them Luxembourg tufts where to head in at. If you don't think so just listen to this. Trinkwasser flegelkeller Nach Coblentz ortskommendatur achtung feildahn verboten sehr gut. Ain't that good for just reading the signs along the road for 3 days.

Of course Buck is learning me some German to because he parleys it pritty good. His old man come from Germany you know. Buck don't remember from what part he come but he is German all right.

Well Henry of course Luxembourg ain't never been at war with us but it's nearly the same because they let the Germans pass over their country and their army set round and played krap or something while they did it. I don't see why the ugly old duchess didn't order her army out to stop the German army like the Belgians did. She must be a grand dutchess all right to let them hums come across her country. Look how easy the Belgian army stopped the hums for a few days till the French could get their army together to meet them. The Luxembourg army could have kept them from going into Belgium before they did.

Well Henry we are billeted at a Belgian farm house tonight. Buck and me is sleeping where a German was sleeping not over 10 hours ago. The bed is so fresh I can smell timberer yet. But I guess it will take something stronger than that to keep his legs moving to toward Germany. We come 23 kilometers today Henry.

Well Henry I will write a letter from Luxy as soon as I get there.

So long Henry
S. T. B.

Luxembourg, Nov. 21, 1918. Dear Heindrick: Well Henry we are here and I guess my old gat and them hand grenades will never be used any if I have to use them Henry. I been looking all afternoon for a place to put them when somebody ain't looking.

Henry Luxy is sure enough not German. I don't know whether it is met French or American but there is a awful lot of both here. The stores and windows and everything in the windows is just like at home. Everywhere you go there is American signs and American flags.

Henry when we marched through town it was even better than that morning when our co. marched off to war the first time. There was people lined up on all sides of the streets and everybody was throwing flowers at us and talking American. Besides speaking French and German and American there is another language here to that sounds like opening a bully beef can with a dull old bayonet and they spoke that to us.

But Henry I have discovered a army which you could be the general to without even hurting anybody's feelings but your own. And I guess I had of went to school a little longer I could maybe be one of your captains or something.

I never did know Henry why it was that the Luxembourg army didn't try and stop the Germans from marching across their country. But I know now Henry. The Luxembourg army has got just as many men in it as our co. had after our top kicked the 'bucket that time with the nemona. "There is 249 including generals and sekund loots."

Henry I would sure hate to have to belong to it. Just think how many times a guy would have to be on K.P. and on guard in a year in a army like that. And I bet the O.D. gets tired of his job all right.

Henry there is one thing though I bet which would seem awful nice. If you wanted to get a discharge or something you wouldn't die or something while you was waiting for it because the general wouldn't be very far off like he is in our army.

I bet the army has got a whole warehouse full of red tape which it ain't used. Our army ought to buy it now so they could get it cheap because they will have to use a lot of it getting us birds mustered out pritty soon.

Yes Henry when we got into Luxy the whole Luxembourg army was lined up to receive us and every man was present but a couple of sekund loots that had a pull with the general or something and got off so they could bum around town with stray pvt's of the U. S. army. There was 2 other buck pvt's of the Luxembourg army which was on sick call but the old doc I guess was in a hurry and wanted to be in the parade and marked them dooty so they had to get in it to.

Henry the dutchess of Luxy who they call the grand dutchess or something isn't ugly at all. She is only 23 and is as pritty as a picture. I seen her with Gen. Pershing and when the Gen. wasn't looking I carried on a brief flirtation like that talkum powdered society editor of the news used to say which I guess made quite a hit with her because when I seen her out riding in her car this p.m. she smiled and nodded her head like she recognized me. Ain't it great Henry to be able to flirt with a head of a country.

Well Henry I got a date on tonight and

so has Buck. We are going out to a swell place where we are invited to stay as long as we are in Luxy. I hope they got a hot bath up there Henry.

So long Heindrick
S. T. B.

P.S.—I am glad I am invited out because prizes of things is fierce here. This a.m. I bought some erfs for breakfast and they cost a mark apiece. I guess they thought I was a easy one Henry.

Luxy, Nov. 23, 1918. Dear pal Henry: Well Henry Buck and I went to the big dinner that night. Everything was all right only they had gone and invited a couple of sekund loots who didn't feel just rite because of us being there. There was a officer there to from the Luxembourg army. We didn't know he was a officer of course and Buck and me thought he was a corporal or something. Buck ask him which squad he had and he nearly fell out of his chair laughing. Henry he was the commander of the Luxy army.

Nearly every parade I ever seen Henry has had some sailors in it to but there wasn't any in the parade the other day when we come into town. So I asked this general or what ever he was why there wasn't no sailors in it and he said it was because the admiral of the Luxembourg navy lost one of the ear locks and couldn't make the rifle in time. I guess maybe he did all rite because the river is pritty steep in places. But I would of liked to of seen the Luxy navy. I'll bet it is some outfit.

Well Henry we are going up into Germany toot sweet. We will be hanging round the border for a few days I guess from the looks of things and then we will go over as soon as the Germans get out of our way. If it wasn't for this silly old armistice, I guess we would go anyway.

Well so long Henry,
S. T. B.

P. S. Buck has just lokated his uncle. He is the guy who sweeps out down at the casino after the dance. Buck found him a German girl down there to.

TURN 'EM IN CLEAN

All organizations of the A.E.F. ordered to turn in arms or equipment of any kind will be responsible that each article is clean, that it is put in the best possible condition, and that it is properly prepared for storage. It is provided G.O. 212. An inspector from the next higher unit will inspect the articles to see that this has been complied with.

BICHARA.

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G.H.Q. FIGHTS RUM
IN GENERAL ORDER

Steady, Men; Open Ranks
for Breath Inspection
—Herch!

Old John Alcoholism, gasping his last gasps in the States after a body blow calculated to put him down and out next July for the "period of demobilization" is on the mat again. This time G.H.Q. takes a few pinches at him in G.O. 212. G.O. 212 calls attention to a circular of instructions recently issued by the French Minister of War which declares that "the consumption of alcohol and alcoholic drink has now become a danger throughout the country," and then goes on to advise C.O.'s how to minimize the danger. Insofar as members of the A.E.F. are concerned:

The active assistance of all C.O.'s will be lent to the French authorities in the enforcement of existing French laws. All places, whether regular drinking places or not, and all persons found to be furnishing prohibited drinks to American officers or soldiers, or serving them with drinks outside of the prohibited hours, will be reported to the nearest French military or civil authority, as may be most expedient. All cases of intoxication of members of the A.E.F. will be investigated immediately upon discovery, with a view to ascertaining the place or persons responsible for supplying the intoxicants, and prompt report will be made thereof to the French authorities.

All alcoholic liquors are prohibited to soldiers under French law. The sale is permitted only of wine, beer, cider, pomander and hydromel. American commanding officers are instructed to consult local French authorities as the best means of co-operating in the suppression of the drink evil.

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BAND SCHOOL CONTINUES

The A.E.F. band school at G.H.Q., organized for the purpose of training bandmasters and preparing them for commissions, and to familiarize American musicians with several musical instruments little used in the United States, will continue in session, despite the fact that, owing to the armistice, no commissions will be granted.

Bandmasters now attending will complete the course and then be given a certificate of eligibility for a commission. The oboe, the bassoon and the French horn are the instruments the use of which it is intended to promote.

M.P.'s MULTIPLY

The organization of fifty-one new M.P. companies, in addition to those already formed and doing business, is ordered in G.O. 200. Twelve of these companies are for duty in the Intermediate Section, ten for the Advanced Section, the remaining distributed as follows:

Base Section No. 1, 4; Base Section No. 2, 3; Base Section No. 3, 4; Base Section No. 4, 1; Base Section No. 5, 4; Base Section No. 6, 2; Base Section No. 7, 1; Base Section No. 8, 1; District of Paris, 4, and Hq., S.O.S., 2.

The companies of M.P.'s organized under G.O. 180, says G.O. 200, will be assigned, one to each division, one to each army corps, and four, organized in one battalion, to each army.

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YANKS TAKEN IN BOCHE SEICHEPREY ATTACK RETURNING

Black Bread Mixed With
Sawdust and Acorn Coffee
Their Food

MISTREATMENT FOR SOME

See Revolt Start When German
Marines Beat Officers and
Throw Several in Rhine

Seicheprey prisoners, after seven months in German hands, are returning home.

These Americans, members of the 102nd and 104th Infantry Regiments, 26th Division, captured in the course of the famous attack in the Toul sector on the morning of April 12 and 20, 1918, tell different stories of their treatment.

Among the first five to be released, two declare they were beaten several times and that they were half starved. Other Americans held at the same place, Mülheim, suffered like treatment, they assert.

The other three, who were fortunate enough to be employed at the Red Cross Post at Limburg, had no tales of personal brutality to tell, but declare that the other Allies, as well as the Russians, were handled viciously.

Privates Charles Monson and Richard Brightman, of the 102nd, and Patrick F. Mehan, of the 104th, were the men who worked at the Red Cross Post, Privates James Goldrick and Leonard Colburn, of the 102nd, were put to work in a wire factory at Mülheim. They said the 187 or so men captured at Seicheprey were scattered all over western Germany.

Attack by Trained Troops

The Germans, 15 companies of them, that attacked at Seicheprey were specially trained shock troops. They had no rifles or bayonets, said Monson, depending on revolvers, hand grenades, knives and some kind of electric bombs. It was the first attack in force against a point of the line held by American troops.

In the Yankees' own trenches the Germans stripped their prisoners of boots, shoes and overcoats, handing roughly all those who resisted, and in one case shooting dead an American who was slow in obeying orders.

From Seicheprey the captives were forced, wounded included, to walk in their stocking feet to Thiaucourt, where they were herded into a church and the wounded given first aid treatment.

From Thiaucourt they were taken by train to Conflans. Here the separation process started, the officers there were five or six—going to the officers' camp, the men themselves being split up in small groups and distributed over various internment cities.

Many, including the five named, were sent to Tharmstadt, where they were incarcerated. From here Monson, Mehan and Brightman were sent to Limburg, while Goldrick and Colburn went to Mülheim.

"The Pumping Station"

Confirms was called by the Americans "the pumping station," because it was here that the German officers spent days in an effort to extract military information. Each man would have something different to impart, so that at the end of the day, when the officers compared notes, they were in despair over the diverse answers.

"Why, damn it," exclaimed one German officer to Monson, after several hours of close questioning, "we know more about the American Army than you do."

"Why ask me, then?" Monson retorted. The food for the captives comprised the well-known black bread plentifully mixed with sawdust, soup, and, on Sundays, coffee (made of acorns). Goldrick and Colburn said this menu never varied day in and day out. They worked, if on the day shift, from 7 a. m. to 5:15 p. m., and if on the night shift, from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m. Their captors were not unkindly to them, but did not go out of their way to do little favors, either. The Russians were handled worse than dogs, their plight being pitiful, Monson said.

At Limburg it was the duty of Monson, Brightman and Mehan to sort the Red Cross packages intended for Allied prisoners and attend to their proper distribution. The packages first were taken to a huge room, termed by the prisoners "The Chamber of Horrors," where German non-coms opened them, seeking weapons and other contraband. As cigarette and soap were worth their weight in gold in Germany, these articles were frequently stolen from the bundles and blocks of wood substituted. There were cases, too, Monson said, in which some prisoners never received packages, their captors refusing to answer the ends of inquiry sent via Switzerland.

Baths Allowed on Saturdays

On Saturdays the men were permitted to bathe, but as there were many prisoners, it was impossible for all to bathe on one day. Many prisoners, too, were covered with sores and vermin, and this made bathing dangerous.

On November 8 or 9, according to Goldrick, several hundred German marines appeared suddenly in Mülheim, attacked the officers, beat many of them and threw several into the Rhine. They then bade the soldiers there to tear the insignia from their uniforms and become "citizens." It was the first concrete evidence that there had been a great mutiny at Kiel and other cities, and that a revolution had been proclaimed. That same day they were marched to the Mülheim railroad station and sent to Limburg, where thousands of other Allied prisoners had been concentrated. From here they were taken to Metz. At Metz many were ridden two kilometers out of town on trains and then told to "heraus." Others, including Brightman, Goldrick and Colburn, walked to Toul.

The failure of the Germans to reach Paris last July sealed Germany's doom, Monson said he was told. The stockade was airtight, the potato crop was a failure, and the mighty air raids of the Allies terrified the inhabitants of the Rhine cities. When General Foch began to roll up the Toulon line, it was the beginning of the end. The Germans reached the border with a big square suitcase filled with bursting with souvenirs and Red Cross gifts. He had everything from a huge Scotch plaid to a piece of "Jerry punk." And, with a broad grin, after crossing the line, he lifted a false bottom from the suitcase, revealing papers, letters, diaries, post cards, propaganda and other flat thin documents that the enemy was not permitting to leave the country.

PVT. PHILIP ROSEN SINGS WAY HOME FROM PRISON CAMP

Yank Runner Owes Life to
Captured British Medical Officer

FIVE MONTHS A CAPTIVE

Just the Same He Learned to Talk
French Like a Frenchman
While in Hun Hands

After five and a half months' imprisonment within the German lines, Private 1st Class Philip Rosen, runner in the Machine Gun Company of the 9th Infantry, is "back in the Army again," having started back on the morning of the armistice of his own accord.

Except for five weeks which he passed in a captured French hospital at St. Gilles in the Laon region, he saw no English-speaking people until, after a 200-kilometer hike across Belgium and France, he reached Hirsin, above St. Quentin, on November 18.

During the major part of his captivity he was the lone American in a camp of 1,500 French prisoners. At first, he was treated as a prisoner of war, but then, as he was born in Austria, near the Hungarian boundary, in the vicinity of Budapest, and went to New York when two years old, he was now 22, he was treated as a Frenchman. He was reported to the A.P.M., few people would have suspected that he was an American soldier. From neck to foot he was, to all intents and purposes, a typical repatriated poilu. A heavy black mustache, grown during his captivity, added to the illusion. On his head was a French railroad worker's hat, given him by a kindly civilian as he made his way across the reconquered country.

Bathed and de-yes, he had "em, too, and says that all the Germans have them as well—bathed and sulphur ointment and ointment all new in American and French language. Here it is:

Nursed by British Colonel

On the night of June 5-6, in the vicinity of Chateau-Thierry, he was employed in carrying messages between his outfit and the post of command to the front. Somewhere out in a field, he doesn't know where, five machine bullets got him, three through the left side and upper hip, two through the left leg. He lay there for 24 hours. Evidently the company he was serving moved off, for with light the next day the machine came over and got him. The next thing he knew he was in the hospital, or, rather, a barrack-like structure adjacent to it, near St. Gilles.

With him were 21 American wounded from the 2nd Division, of which he was a member, all dumped on sodden straw, and devoid of any medical attention from the German authorities or any care from German nurses or orderlies. Had it not been for the capture, at nearly the same time, of three British medical officers, a colonel, a major and a captain, he and the others might not have pulled through at all.

He does not know what happened to the 21 other Yank sufferers. He was too sick to know. All he knows is that the British Colonel, who had to build his own operating room in one end of the quasi-barrack building with hammer, nails and rough boards, extracted the machine gun bullets from his leg and side, healed the wounds up as best he could with the meager hospital stores at his disposal—he could only give out paper bandages every two days—and nursed him back to comparative strength. It is his great regret today that he does not know that colonel's name, for he would like to write and thank him.

"The Americans Have Done This"

As soon as he was well enough to sit up, German officers questioned him. To their surprise, he answered them in perfect German.

"Are you a German-American?" they asked him, meaningly.

"No, I am a Russian-American," he told them, having heard from some of his captors that Russians were being fairly well treated.

In the dialogue that ensued, Rosen's captors were at particular attention to express their contempt for the fighting qualities of the Americans. Later, as he was moved farther back behind the lines, keeping an even pace with Ludendorff's famous retirement "according to plan," he heard quite another tune from his captors. "It is the Americans who have done this," is heard muttered on all sides.

Rosen personally saw only one instance of out-and-out brutality. He heard of many others, doubtless all true, but he will not talk of any incidents of the facts of which he has not first hand evidence. What he does know is that a French soldier, in a party of prisoners which he accompanied on a water detail in Belgium, furnished from the meager black bread and substitute coffee diet accorded the prisoners, stepped out of ranks to pull up a raw beet from a field. The guard in charge of the party, standing three or four meters away, fired and shot him in the hand and the leg giving as his excuse later that the man had tried to escape.

Neglect and Short Rations

What he and the Frenchmen with whom he was thrown suffered the most was neglect and short rations. Only once, says Rosen, he was examined by a German medical officer, and then, after a superficial looking over, he was hustled out on the road to a camp further in the rear, at Vorsies. No provision was made for bathing, and at the last camp he was in, at Champ-Royal, near Villers-le-Gambon, Belgium, a three-kilometer hike had to be made to get water for the kitchens, water being the main ingredient of the soup and coffee doled out to the prisoners.

The ration of sour black bread while in the St. Gilles hospital was one small loaf of 500 grammes, supposed to last three days, while the German soldiers drew one loaf for every two days. The bread suffered to allow the prisoners two small slices in the morning, one at noon with their soured soup, and two at night. When they were in luck they were able to draw 50 grammes of marmalade a day, and dark and muddy synthesized coffee in the morning.

Sometimes they were granted a meat ration of 100 grammes for a day, but this often turned out to be 50 to 90 per cent bones, good for nothing but soup making. During the whole of his captivity, Rosen declares that he received no package from the Red Cross through its clearing house committees in Switzerland, designed to care for American prisoners of war. The French prisoners with him were entitled to receive a certain amount of biscuits, but none came

HOW FRITZ DID IT



U. S. Army Official Photograph

through. And not one of the 1,500 got a single piece of mail in all the time they were prisoners.

No provisions were made for their entertainment, nor did any chaplains visit them. Their quarters were examined by neutral commissions. Every day they were marched out to work at 6 o'clock and kept at digging trenches and constructing munition dumps in the back areas, having to start this heavy work on nothing more than a flatter of substitute coffee. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon they were through work and given a meal of watery vegetable soup, sometimes graced with a few morsels of fat or meat. At night they received their bread ration for the day, either 500 grammes of war bread or 250 grammes of biscuit, which they invariably ate on the spot. Work went on seven days a week, with no holidays and for it they were paid 30 pfennig, or 7 cents, a day.

Hiking it for France. Because of his facility at both French and German, Rosen escaped the hard grind of the prisoners' labor, being employed almost exclusively as interpreter. Through this position he was able to keep in fairly close touch with the way the war was going, because of the German and French papers he was able to pick up and read.

It was by reading one of those German papers, the Kolnische Zeitung's army edition, that, on the morning of November 11, he got wind of the proposed armistice and decided that the time had come to cut loose. Without saying, by your leave, to anyone he started out in broad daylight a little before noon, strutting along the roads and singing to keep his spirits up. The German sign posts along the road he found extremely valuable, and his own bump of locality enabled him to follow in large part the route he had been taken over on his way into Belgium.

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relief. The Germans used to sell us one cigarette for five cents, or five-seventh of our day's pay. If we wanted to smoke a cigar—and a German one at that—we had to save up for four days, for the cigars cost 25 cents. At that, you could beat them for two for a nickel in the States."

Father a Rabbi

Rosen's home is at 125 Rivington street, on the East Side of New York. His father is Rabbi Zelig Rosen. He was educated at Townsend Harris High school in New York, leaving at the end of the second year of the course, in 1911, to go to work. Up to the time when, in April, 1917, he of his own free will and accord, held up his right hand and swore to support the United States against all enemies whomsoever, he was a ladies' garment cutter for a clothing firm.

Whether he wants to go back to his old job after he goes home, or whether he would rather do double-duty interpreting between French and German—at, however, something more than 30 pfennig a day—he doesn't quite know yet. As for his interpreting, he was kissed and acclaimed as a real Frenchman all the way along his 200 kilometer hike through Belgium and Northern France.

HENRY FORD TURNS EDITOR

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES)
AMERICA, Dec. 5.—Henry Ford has announced that he will turn his automobile interests over to his son and divide his time between his tractor interests and the publication of a national newspaper. He explained:

"I have definite ideas and ideals that I believe practical for the good of all and I intend giving them to the public without having them garbled, distorted and misrepresented."

The new paper will be published from Dearborn, Mich., where he has taken over a small home paper as the basis for his weekly. Several prominent journalists have been engaged as editors.

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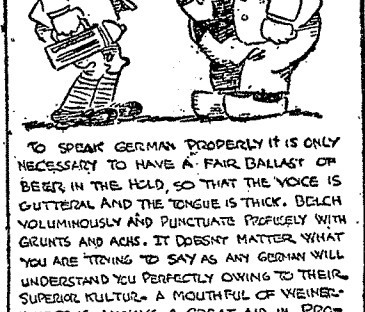
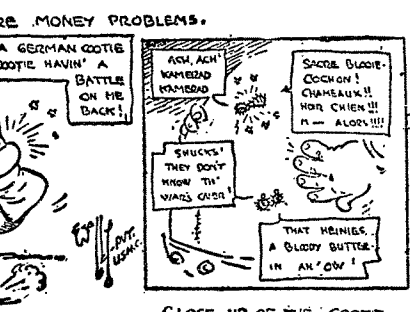
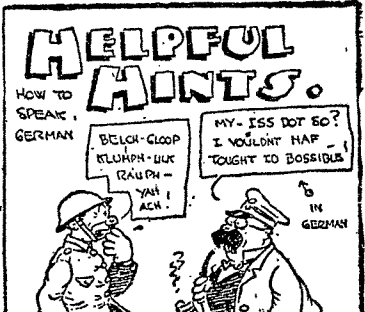
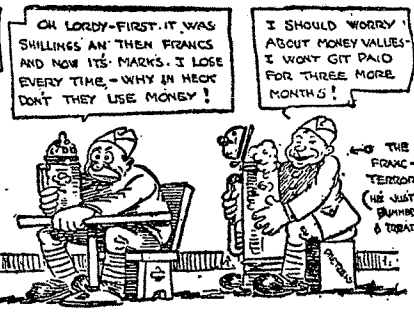
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YANKS ON THE RHINE

—By WALLGREN



MANY AIR FIELDS TO HAVE LIBERTY CLUBS

Local Entertainment Center Idea Started With Motor Mechanics

O. D. AND BORROWED ACTS

Eats Follow Weekly Shows at Orly - Romorantin and Tours to Have Own Organizations

If you have not yet heard of the Liberty Club, the chances are that you soon will. The Liberty Club follows the Liberty Motor. This does not mean that to have a Liberty Club you must have a Liberty Motor; it means only that the Liberty Club already established, and those now being established, are located at important A.E.F. aviation centers.

The parent Liberty Club, at Orly Field, a few kilometers south of Paris, already numbers a thousand members, and clubs will soon be in operation at Romorantin, Tours and elsewhere. Later the idea will probably be adopted by many other fields as they may want to adopt it, and the chances are most of them will.

The Liberty Club's aim is simple. It simply attempts to provide a good time. To join it you just chip in as much as you choose—say five francs. In return you get one weekly entertainment, followed by what used to be called a collation, consisting, in this case of sweetened cakes and coffee—served not in mess cups but in honest crockery mugs.

Runs Its Own Shows

The Orly Field Liberty Club, for instance, runs its own shows (that is the Liberty Club idea), securing its talent from a good-sized O.D. personnel and borrowing the rest from the Y.M.C.A., the Red Cross and the K. of C. When Lieut. George W. Fuller, who organized the club and the idea, wants a couple of outside acts, he simply runs into Paris and secures the loan of as many acts as they can spare.

For example, inasmuch as the organization tables of Motor Mechanics outfits do not provide for any feminine membership, the lieutenant one night recently brought out to the field a dancing, singing, story telling, piano playing quartet known as the Yankkee Girls—the Misses Blanche Savoie, Louise Coffey, Eva Lee Bowcock and Frances Trevett—who had just come over from the States (a region west of Orly) as Y.M. entertainers.

Orly's Liberty Club holds its big nights—these come every Thursday—in the mess hall. This makes the eats more readily available after the show. Orly has a 15 piece orchestra, but at the last performance several members were suffering from armististis.

Messhall Orchestra Pit

Those who were able to play occupied the orchestra pit, which is a marvel itself. It is dug down some four feet deep, four wide, and the length of the regulation Adrian barracks messhall, and in the day time it is covered over so that Motor Mechanics trooping into mess shall not be precipitated therefrom. With its mixture of O.D. and borrowed acts, all directed and put on by the organizations themselves, the Liberty Club idea may be regarded as a good sample of what the Army can do when it manages its own entertainment. The other clubs will be patterned after the Orly idea. The outfit now starting at Romorantin already has 200 members, and has yet to give its first entertainment.

HUMOROUS WALL STREET

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Dec. 5.—Wall Street is still laboring under the Money Board's restriction on speculative accounts, and has to let all sorts of good chances pass without succeeding in making an old-time market. Therefore, while there is considerable dealing, prices keep teetering without any killing for bears or bulls.

The daily output of Wall Street's best minds on the future and on reconstruction makes the best humorists matter now appearing. The wisest remark was made last week by a prominent banker, who said:

"I won't make any statement about the world's future because I don't want to look back a year from now and read what a damned fool I made of myself."

PHYSICAL EXAM FOR ALL

All officers and men of the A.E.F. who are ordered home will be physically examined before the day set for departure, and those afflicted with venereal disease in a communicable stage will be retained in France and placed in segregated camps, says G.O. 215.

AT THE BASE PORTS

There may not have been any turkey for Thanksgiving, except in a few isolated instances, but there were slathers of mince pies.

"We had 50 of 'em," said a cook in an M.P. outfit recently. "Fifty, made out of the regulation fixings, with five gallons of boiled-down cider and two quarts of cognac."

"Where'd you get the cognac?"

"Took it off the prisoners," explained the cook.

Most of the Army in France sees most of the country, or at least much of it. But in the base ports you will find men who got off the boat there, have been on duty there up to 17 months ever since, and who are now looking forward to the day when they will set sail from there for home. Some of them have not even been outside the city limits of the port they were set down in. The war has been no tourist stunt for them.

The A.E.F. has not been small town stuff for a long while. Also, France is as big as Texas. But there are people who forget we are still two million strong.

A lady who had just arrived as a member of an auxiliary organization stepped up to an M.P. in a base port. "Have you seen Pvt. Brown of the Tenth Division?" she inquired.

"Don't know him, ma'am," answered the M.P.

"That's funny," said the lady. "His division landed here only three weeks ago."

Then there is the story of the officer, fresh from America, who stepped up to another M.P. and asked if there was a store in town that sold Sam Browne belts.

"Yes, sir," said the M.P. "Several."

"But where can I find the cheapest?"

"I don't know, sir," said the M.P. "I've never had occasion to buy one."

Frequently among the new arrivals, especially if they have come through England, you will find officers with canes, in open contravention of some general order or other that is posted in most A.P.M. offices throughout France. It is betraying no one's confidence to state that it is the M.P.'s special delight to confiscate this contraband equipment.

And if you think this touch of vanity is confined to officers, let it be known that six stick-swinging buck privates were recently rounded up from one boat.

Speaking of canes, there is the story of the colored soldier who was caught sporting one and taken before the provost. What persuasive charms he exercised is not known, but he emerged a few minutes later with the cane still in his possession. This time, however, it was wrapped up in a piece of newspaper.

One member of an outfit that is doing M.P. work at a base port decided that, as the war was about over, it was a good time to go home. Somehow he got aboard a transport and smuggled a sailor's suit. That wasn't camouflage enough, however. He forgot his face. So when he went up into town again, an M.P. simply said, "Hello, Bill. Where'd you get the disguise?" and led him docilely away, but not toward the transport.

Some A.E.F. brigades are notoriously comfortable, and the prisoners therein are messed accordingly. Officials in one port woke up in this fact when a man attached to a neighboring hospital where the living conditions were not to his liking got himself arrested six times.

He rather gave things away the last time by calling up the M.P. office from the hospital.

"I'm going AWOL, again," he said. "Send up a couple of guards."

Some of those games of poker or black jack which helped make life worth while at the club back home aren't in it with that game of chance which is participated in by every man, from buck private to general, when an outfit moves in the A.E.F.

Maybe a man will get his equipment when he reaches his destination and maybe he won't. It is more likely the case that the colonel will be trying to make out with some private's wardrobe, while the private may be smoking the colonel's best cigar.

At any rate, all these things, or at least similar ones, happened the other day when 12,000 stevedores were suddenly put on the march, 4,000 men vacating one camp near Bordeaux and being replaced by 8,000 others.

One captain gunned all over the new camp hunting his pet stove, but if it was still on the premises it had been skillfully camouflaged. A lieutenant saw his whole outfit dumped in front of the new headquarters and went up to survey his domicile. When he returned his pile of belongings had shrunk alarmingly.

On the other hand, another officer in some mysterious way is richer than before moving, for in his old quarters he nightly slept in an ordinary cot. Now he reposes in a nice French bed, and his only explanation is that Santa Claus brought it.

EVERYBODY TO RATE EVERYBODY BELOW

Colonels and Less to Be Written Up by Their Bosses Dec. 15

A new rating of all officers of the A.E.F. below the grade of brigadier general will be made on December 15, in accordance with the provisions of G.O. 85, War Department, 1918, under the rating scale system adopted by the War Department and now used by the Army in the United States. G.O. 210, S.H.Q., which covers this new rating, says that after December 15, ratings will be made quarterly commencing April 15, 1919.

Lieutenants are to be rated by the captains under whom they serve, the captains entering the ratings on the rating report sheet and forwarding them to the major of their battalion. The major is then directed to approve or revise each rating and to forward the forms through channels to division headquarters, from where it will be sent to G.H.Q.

Captains will be rated by the major of the battalion in which they serve, and the ratings will be approved or revised by the colonel of their regiment, who will forward the forms as in the case of the lieutenants.

Majors and lieutenant colonels will be rated by the colonel of the regiment in which they are serving, and the brigade commander will approve or revise the ratings of his colonels, to be approved or revised by the division commander.

The intent of this rating process is to

provide that each officer shall be rated by those of his superiors who are most intimately acquainted with his accomplishments. Division commanders and the chiefs of staff corps and bureaus are directed to see that this purpose is fulfilled even though in exceptional cases the ratings may be made by officers other than those indicated. The aim is to secure a just and equitable rating for all officers, as each rating will serve as a permanent record of the efficiency and duty of each officer while serving with the A.E.F.

Another paragraph of G.O. 210 amends a previous general order, making the rule now read that officers will wear the insignia of their rank on all occasions, and that the Sam Browne belt will be dispensed with only while on duty requiring the wearing of side arms, such as guard of prisoner convey.

MORMON PRESIDENT DEAD

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Dec. 5.—Joseph H. Smith, president of the Mormon church, has died at the age of 80 years. He was the Mormons' "prophet, seer and revelator."

As a child he passed through the persecutions in Missouri and Illinois when his father and uncle were shot in jail, and he was a scout in the famous Mormon army when the United States invaded Utah.

He had a remarkable career, and played a great part in creating the present mighty Mormon community.

The Allies' victory will very soon allow Mr. Lott, who has been undisturbed since the beginning of the war, to resume the management of his hotel—"THE LOTTE," rue de Castiglione, Paris—which has been known since its opening in 1913 as the "Paris home for the lost society."

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CHANCE TO STAY OVER HERE

French-speaking officers of units ordered back to the United States are to have a chance to remain in France for a few months, if they desire. All units going home are ordered, in Bulletin No. 14, Hq., S.O.S., to submit a list of officers who parley-voo and want to, who, if qualified, will be assigned to the Renting, Requisition and Claims Service to assist in disposing of claims from French inhabitants.

GETTING LOCAL COLOR

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

AMERICA, Dec. 5.—Two Gothamite authoresses recently tried their hands at shoplifting, in order to get punch into their literary work. Now the literary laws of New York will give them further realistic experience in the workshop.

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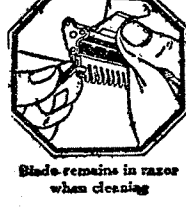
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